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*J. L. Starr*

# GOIN' HOME

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

From the LARGO of the  
NEW WORLD SYMPHONY

BY

## ANTON DVOŘÁK

Op. 95

Words and Adaptation by

### WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

60¢



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OAKVILLE, ONT.

CANADA

*"The Musical Times" of August, 1934, says of "The Modern Piano Student" by Boris Forin  
and Ernest MacMillan, "There is a wealth of excellent material in this well-planned  
comprehensive work, which should prove useful to teachers of any 'School'."*

MADE IN ENGLAND

# God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by  
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

*Lento*

*Allegretto.*

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, — Hold blos-sons that have never

come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,

— The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

*rall.*

*rall.*

The musical score is written for piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked 'Andante' and 'Lento'. The second system is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

How many gardens in this world of ours  
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?  
A sudden wind comes coldly by—  
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea  
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?  
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,  
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face  
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?  
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,  
But God remembers when the world forgets.

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THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD., Oakville, Ontario, CANADA

## ANTON DVOŘÁK

(1841-1904)

ANTON DVOŘÁK was Director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York from his arrival in October, 1892, until he returned to his beloved Bohemia in April, 1895.

In 1898, longing to hear his native tongue and with something akin to homesickness he spent the summer in Spillville, Iowa, a small community of Bohemians. Here, as the outcome of his enthusiastic study of the folk music of the American negro, he wrote the symphony *From the New World*, Op. 95, his string-quartet, Op. 96, and string-quintet, Op. 97. In these significant works he did not incorporate negro themes but invented his own after the negro manner. He told me after his return that he had been reading Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and that the wide-stretching prairies of the mid-west had greatly impressed him.

As a pupil of Dvořák I saw much of him at this time, and he was frankly annoyed at some of the statements made in the daily press regarding his "theories," for he had none. He was ever seeking fresh musical material and in the Negro spiritual he rejoiced to find something that from the old-world point of view was unbackneyed and moreover indigenous. He saturated himself in it and then simply and naturally gave rich expression to his "discovery" in the three works mentioned.

Between Anton Seidl, then conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and Dvořák was a great bond of friendliness and sympathy. At the final private rehearsal of the *New World* Symphony, Seidl played each movement without a break, and between the movements left his desk and came to the back of the hall to exchange a few brief words with the composer. Seated with Dvořák he told me that he was then hearing his symphony for the very first time.

The work had been much written up in advance and at the first public performance, Friday afternoon, December 15, 1893, Carnegie Hall was crowded. At the close of the *Largo*, so moving was the performance, so touched to the heart was the great audience, that in the boxes filled with women of fashion and all about the hall people sat with the tears rolling down their cheeks. Neither before nor since have I seen a great audience so profoundly moved by absolute music. At the close of the movement and again at the end of the symphony, the modest simple-hearted, peasant composer was persuaded with difficulty to rise and acknowledge the ovation given him.

The *Largo*, with its haunting English horn solo, is the outpouring of Dvořák's own home-longing, with something of the loneliness of far-off prairie horizons, the faint memory of the red-man's bygone days, and a sense of the tragedy of the black-man as it sings in his "spirituals." Deeper still it is a moving expression of that nostalgia of the soul all human beings feel. That the lyric opening theme of the *Largo* should spontaneously suggest the words "Goin' home, goin' home" is natural enough, and that the lines that follow the melody should take the form of a negro spiritual accords with the genesis of the symphony.

Boston, July 21, 1922.

WM. ARMS FISHER.



# GOIN' HOME.

## Negro Spiritual.

Adapted from the Largo of the Symphony  
"From the New World", Op. 95.

Words and adaptation by  
WILLIAM ARMS FISHER.

ANTON DVOŘÁK.

**Largo.** (♩ = 52.)

Voice.

Piano.

*p*

Go - in' home, go - in' home,

*mp* *f* *pp*

*Ad. sp.*

I'm a - go - in' home; Qui - et-like, some still day, I'm jes' go - in' home.

*pp*

*mp* *mf*

It's not far, jes' close by, Through an o - pen door; Work all done, care laid by,

*mp*

*N.B. When desired the text may be sung without dialect.*

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gwine to fear no more. (going) *p* Moth - er's there 'spect - in' me, (there ex - pect - ing me) Fa - ther's wait - in' too;

*cresc.* Lots o' folk gath-er'd there, *f* All the friends I knew, *p* All the friends I

knew. *p* Home, — home, — *f* I'm go - in'

*ff* home! —

*p* *cresc.*

No-thin' lost, all's gain, No more fret nor pain, No more stum-blin' on the way,

*p* *cresc.*

*dim.*

No more long-in' for the day,— Gwine to roam no more!  
(Going)

*dim.*

*p* *mf* *cresc.*

Morn-in' star lights the way, Res'-less dream all done; Shad-ows gone, break o' day,

*p* *mf*

Real life jes' be-gun. Dere's no break, ain't no end, Jes' a-liv-in' on;  
(There's no break, there's no end,)



*cresc.* *f*

Wide a-wake, with a smile Go - in' on and on.

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*pp*

Go - in' home, go - in' home, I'm jes' go - in' home;---

*pp*

*cresc.*

It's not far, jes' close by Through an o - pen door.

*cresc.* *dim.*

*mp* *pp*

I'm jes' go - in' home. Go - in' home.

*mp* *p* *dim.* *pp* *ppp* *rit.*

Low in B flat

Mezzo in C

High in D

# GLORIA.

## SACRED SONG

Words by  
M.C. SCHUYLER.

Made by  
A. BULLI FROGLIA.

*p con dolcezza*  
 Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r  
 O-gni fior al te-por

*dim p*  
 Of the bud-ding A-prim time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part In  
 del fio-ren-te A-prim O-gni cor al tue a-mor

*rit a tempo p*  
 prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas  
 Spi-gua can ti-co gra-ti-lis Lili-tar spurs a mar

*a tempo pp*  
 Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted  
 in sa-re-ne di In su-gran-de spec-cha

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Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time.  
 Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.  
 So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky.  
 Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!  
 In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art.  
 From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore: All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all:  
 Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.  
 Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night:  
 Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!  
 Glory thou who art Lord of all:  
 God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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